**My Mama Had a Dancing Heart**

by Libba Moore Gray

My Mama had a dancing heart

and she shared that heart with me.

With a grin and a giggle,

a hug and a whistle,

we'd slap our knees

and Mama would say:

"*Bless the world*

*it feels like*

*a tip-tapping*

*song-singing*

*finger-snapping*

*kind of day.*

*Let's celebrate!"*

And so we did.

When a warm spring rain

would come pinging on the windowpane,

we'd kick off our shoes

and our into the rain we'd go.

We'd dance a frog-hopping

leaf-growing,

flower-opening,

hello spring ballet.

High stepping and splashing

the rain running down our faces,

I'd slip-swish behind Mama

through the newly green grass.

And afterward

we'd read rain poems

and drink sassafras tea

with lemon curls floating.

And in summer

when the waves would come

plash-splashing on the shore,

out we'd go into the red-orange morning

with kites and balloons

tied to our wrists.

We'd do a seabird-flapping

dolphin-arching

hello summer ballet,

with me following Mama,

the sand stick between the toes

and of our up-and-down squish-squashing feet.

And afterward

we'd seashell-pile the windowsill

and drink lemonade cold.

And when the cool autumn winds

would come puff-puffing

through the clouds,

and the hold-on-tight leaves

would finally let go and float-flutter

to the ground,

out we'd go into the eye-blinking blue air,

with Mama leading in a leaf-kicking

leg-lifting

hand-clapping

hello autumn ballet.

And afterward

we'd wax paper-press leaves

red and gold

and drink hot tea spiced.

And when the winter snows

came softly down

shawling the earth,

out we'd go

and do a body-flat

arms-moving-up-and-down

snow angel

hello winter ballet.

And then we'd stand up,

Mama first,

and dance in slow motion,

like hand-mittened

galoshes-galumphing

funny old snowmen.

And afterward

we'd cut snowflakes

paper-white delicate

and sip cocoa

with marshmallows floating.

And now

after satin-ribboning my feet

and listening to the violins

sing-swelling

around me,

onto the stage I go

air-daring

leap-flying

wing soaring

letting the

spring rain

summer waves

autumn leaves

winter snow

carry me along until

the music slows

and I feather-float

down...down

to the ground.

And afterward I imagine that

I hear my mama singing:

"*Bless the world*

*it feels like*

*a tip-tapping*

*song-singing*

*finger-snapping*

*kind of day.*

*Let's Celebrate!"*